

The Marble Hill Press

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.
MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

It appears that the safest place for submarines is in a glass case in a museum.

The small boys are all against the elastic school board. It hurts more than the stiff kind.

Daniel J. Sully has discovered that a cotton corner is fully as explosive as a bale of gun cotton.

The St. Paul minister who defends the saloon free lunch ought to have his salary raised to a living level.

This massaging of the heart is no discovery of modern surgery. Dan Cupid has practiced it for centuries.

Patti states that she departs with only the kindest feelings toward Americans. Bound to touch us somehow.

It is not superstition that keeps many of us from walking under a ladder, but genuine respect for the law of gravitation.

Mme. Baker, who declares that it is a woman's duty to be beautiful, may not have noted that here every woman does her duty.

A Chicago professor declares that the crying of a baby is the sweetest music in the world. Mr. Carnegie favors the bagpipes.

Having abolished pockets from the trousers of the marines, it is up to the navy department to add a few ruffles by way of compensation.

The discovery of buried treasure in Bolivia may show some of the world powers that they have been neglecting their business of "peaceful penetration."

London women are wearing monocles. Cupid's idea is that he can do enough damage through one eye, and consequently he masks half his batteries.

Count Zeppelin's new airship will be tested on Lake Constance this summer. Why will they tempt the critics by taking them so near the water?

Mr. Danny Maher, the jockey, had eight \$100 bills stolen from him in Pittsburgh the other day. Such a misfortune never could have overtaken a college professor.

Can't the man who has produced the seedless apple be persuaded now to undertake the boneless shad, the seedless fish, the shellless walnut and the stoneless peach?

And now Paderewski says it was of his own free will and not at the czar's command that he executed that alleged movement out of Russia. But he doesn't deny the bon mot.

United States Minister Allen and Baron Hyashi have received decorations of the first class of Pal Kuk. If America this high honor is bestowed on none but skilled servants.

A young consumptive who came out to this country with but one lung is now greatly improved in health and has three lungs. He married the other two—Forsythe (Mont.) Times.

A great university is soon to be founded in the Philippines. We trust the Chicago university professor who argues against the use of soap will not be given a chair at the institution.

Your wife, sir, will have another argument against smoking, now that it is charged that the big fire in Baltimore was caused by a lighted cigar or cigarette end carelessly cast aside.

The sounds issuing from a singing school in New York are legally described as "prolonged, unseemly, discordant, loud, piercing and penetrating noises." The description is fairly accurate.

With the presidential campaign in full swing, and the war in the far east at its height, the average newspaper reader will get his money's worth about the time the pumpkins begin to ripen next fall.

The dressmakers come forward with the assurance that padding is all right from the ethical standpoint. For the first time in their lives, some women will now feel that they have their ethics on straight.

The Columbus Homing Club has decided to put pigeons in every fly conducted by the National association this year. Probably the pigeons would like it better if the club would put flies in every pigeon.

Even if the women of ancient Greece did have larger feet than the average man has now, it's not exactly kind to recall the fact when they've been dead so long. Why not confine observations on this subject to Chicago?

It is the Zent-Avena which says: "The damsel who, having reached the age of 18, shall refuse to marry, must remain in hell until the earth is shattered." This reminds one of another wise old saw: "Heaven for climate, hell for society."

"Herbert Spencer once told me," says Mr. Schwab, now on the Kaiser Wilhelm headed for New York, "that he believed I was the only American who had read his Spiritual Laws to the end. I read them one night in bed," he added. Isn't this rather a reflection on Harvard college?

A Colorado fruit grower, after seven years' experimenting, has succeeded in growing a seedless apple, but the poets will not at all approve of him, because the trees on which the seedless apples grow bear no blossoms.

After a search of five centuries buried treasure worth \$15,000,000 has been dug up in Bolivia. Almost any one would be willing to search five centuries for an amount like that.

One correspondent says that the greatest need at Port Arthur is insect powder. Our impression has been that something was biting over there.

The members of the Boston stock exchange held a meeting to devise "ways and means for increasing the

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.
Author of "At a Girl's Mercy," etc.

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1900 by Street & Smith, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"You," he said, "I know he is dead, Dolores, but after death all things are made straight. He knows now better than he ever could have known from your telling, and I know he has forgotten us."

There were sweetness and solemnity in the young man's voice as he bent above the beautiful cold face that caused Dora to catch her breath in sudden comprehending of the depth of the kindly heart, as he slowly nestled the touch of the girl's hands very tender, the light in the loving eyes entering into her very soul:

"There is no death. What seems so is transition. This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life elysian. Whose portal we call death."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"That Girl of Johnson's."

Dora was standing at the well at Dolores' old home with her husband, waiting for Dolores and Charlie Green, who had gone at the girl's request to the opposite mountain. It was a strange freak of Dolores', but with the usual simple acquiescence in any wish of hers they had gone and here Dora and her husband were waiting for their return at the girl's old home.

It was not the home of the girl's remembrance. The garden was in fine order and the fence well built; no longer did the gate swing on its rusty, rickety hinges. The enterprising chickens were scratching among the shrubs at the back of the house, but not a chicken dared show its face at the front of the neat little house where Jim Lodie and Cindy lived—the two young people who had always had a kindly thought for its former mistress.

Dora was standing at the well watching her husband as he swung the bucket down among the cool shadows, her sweet face, grown more womanly and holding a deeper meaning in every delicate line. She stood on tiptoe to look down and follow the flight of the bucket, but even standing so she scarcely reached to his shoulder. She turned her pretty head on one side as a bird might do, and said, with an air that convulsed her husband, though there was a deeper and tender meaning to her words that he would not let her know he understood.

"The course of true love never did run smooth—and look at that poor bucket, Hal. You are fairly beating the life out of it against the sides of the well."

"Poor thing!" said the big fellow, in a tone that implied scant sympathy for the luckless bucket. "You had better say that Charlie is eating his heart out because your cousin will not love him, Dot. Is he not going to be good to him, for his faithfulness, dear? He deserves a good life and a good woman, Dora; even your cousin cannot deny that."

"Don't talk of Lorie as though she were heartless, Harry," Dora said, softly, with one of her swift thoughtful glances up to his face. "Lorie is not like other girls."

The other two having passed down out of the settlement, followed by the half scornful eyes of the men at the gate, the two young people went on the river and ascended the opposite mountain slowly among the bent bushes and mysterious mists that held in their hiding the snares of death and the pitfalls that lay in waiting.

"That goes that gal of Johnson's," Tom Smith said, with a rough break of laughter in his deep voice. "What on her world she's got 'n' over yander ter beats me hollow."

"Goin' ter say her prayers over her feyther's grave, I reckon," joined in Hiram Sadler, coarsely, but the answering laughter on Smith's lips never passed them as Jones turned his indignant eyes upon them, removing his pipe from his lips to make reply.

"Et 'pears to me," he said, slowly, with an emphasis that hushed their mirth, "that ye might hev gained a nite o' respect 'n' kindly feelin' arter all these years since Johnson died."

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world save, it might be, the rough, unspoken kindness of Jim Lodie and Cindy. And with his kindly eyes upon the grave, beautiful face he could but wonder how such a life could yield such a marvel of womanliness and tenderness.

It was a strange freak of hers, no doubt, this wish to once again stand upon the brink of her father's death, but how could he, loving her, dissuade her from a desire so intense as this was shown by the pleading of the dark eyes?—so they had come, and standing in the very place where she stood years before, with the misty, mysterious glint at her feet and the broken glimpses of blue heaven through the floating mist, a touch of grief and pleading and tenderness came over the pure, pale face and caused this man, loving her, to bow his head as one involuntarily bows the head before the chancel with the touch of an indescribable holiness brooding above. And he removed his hat, standing so, with his hand upon her round arm as she stood immovable searching the terrible death below her, as though for the solving of the bitterness of her life, as though for the solving of her own harsh heartlessness in accusing her father when none other save the man at her side and others with wicked intent, charged him with crime. And there was an agony dawning over the pallid face and wide eyes that hushed all other thoughts for the time in the heart of her friend—all thought save an intense desire and longing to take her into his arms and soothe this agony of bitterness and shield her all her life from any touch of pain, any touch of life's harshness. But he waited silently with bent head, his hand upon her arm, while she fought—and won—perhaps a struggle that few are called upon to fight, that few would conquer. Then the eyes, widened with agony, were lifted from the depths of horror and mystery seeking the broken bits of blue heaven through the mist of the tangled plumes upon the height, and an indescribable grandeur and beauty gradually grew upon the face, and she lifted her head and looked at the grave eyes as though the peace sought had been won, and the bitterness of years was buried never again to be resurrected in all the life before her, never again to shadow, as it had done, the life of this friend, her friend, her friend. And he, guessing in part the thoughts in her heart, made no movement save a more tender hold upon the steady arm he held. And he waited for her to speak.

"I am sure I want you," guide and guard her through any pain the future might bring, and never again could this little, beautiful girl of Johnson's suffer alone or bear her life's burden, inside of the pale of tenderness love.

(The End.)

THE GENERAL'S LAST DOLLAR.

Story Which Shows Negro's Finer Sensibilities as Well as Loyalty.

Very soon after the close of the civil war some Union generals were given a dinner, says Booker T. Washington in the Century, by a famous Confederate general in Petersburg, Va. The guests were waited upon by a colored man, one of the old type of servants, who was passionately devoted to the Confederate general, who had been his former owner for many years.

Some of the Union officials realized the fact that Gen. G., their host, had been stripped of all his property by the war. Indeed, there was little in his fine, courteous bearing, or in the dinner, to apprise them of this fact.

The meal was served by a colored man, one of the old type of servants, who was passionately devoted to the Confederate general, who had been his former owner for many years.

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"I am sure, sure that I want you, Dolores Johnson, more than any woman in God's beautiful world. Your hands may be empty hands, but they are beautiful in the work they do and have done for others, for even these cruel people here—who would have ruined your sweet life, and the woman who, now your uncle's wife, would have stained her hands forever for the darkening of your heart."

And what could she say? And the lights of the sunset were very tender over them as they crossed the bridge and passed up along the road through the settlement where the changes of her working had given an air of neatness and home life and widening of view, with its school and church and kindly touch of neighborliness; and as they passed the tavern where Jones and his comrades still sat with their pipes in lazy enjoyment, the men gave greeting with a new touch of kindness that went to the heart of the girl who had lived her twenty years among them unregarded for and unknown. And the eyes of her lover were brilliant with the depth of his thought for her, and his arm was strong to

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